The WANDERING JEW,

Or, the Shoemaker in Jeruſalem, who lived when our Saviour Jeſus Chriſt was crucified; and appointed by him to live until his coming again.

WHen was in fair Jeruſalem
our Saviour Chriſt did live,
And for the ſins of all the world
his own dear life did give,
The wicked Jews with ſcoffs and ſcorns,
did daily him moleſt,
That never till he left this life,
Our Saviour could have reſt (thorns
When they had crown'd his head with
and ſcourg'd him in diſgrace,
In ſcornful ſort they led him forth
unto his dying place.
When thouſandsthouſands in the ſtreet
beheld him paſs along;
Yet not one gentle heart was there,
that pitied his wrong.
Both old and young reviled him,
as in the ſtreets he went;
And nothing found but churliſh taunts
by every one's conſent.
His own dear croſs he bore himſelf,
a burthen far too great,
Which made him in the ſtreets to faint
with blood and water ſweat.
Being weary thus he ſought for reſt
to eaſe his burden'd ſoul,
Upon a ſtone; the which a wretch
did churliſhly controul,
And ſaid away thou king of Jews,
thou ſhalt not tarry here,
Paſs on; thy execution place
thou ſeeſt now draws near.
And therefore he did thruſt him thence,
at which, our Saviour ſaid,
I ſure will reſt, but thou ſhalt walk
and have no journey ſtaid.
With that this curſed ſhoemaker
for offering Chriſt this wrong,
Left wife and children, houſe and all,
and went from thence along.
Where after he had ſeen the blood
of Jeſus Chriſt thus ſhed,
And to the croſs his body nail'd
away with ſpeed he fled.

Without returning back again
unto his dwelling place,
And wander'd up and down the world,
a runnagate moſt baſe.
No reſting could he find at all,
no eaſe nor hearts content,
No houſe, no home, no biding place:
but wand'ring forth he went.
From town to town in foreign lands
with grieved conſcience ſtill,
Repenting for the heinous guilt
of his fore paſſed ill.
Thus after ſome few ages paſt,
in wand'ring up and down,
He much again deſir'd to ſee
Jeruſalem's renown.
But finding it all quite deſtroy'd,
he wand'red thence with woe,
Our Saviour's words which he had ſpake
to verify and ſhow.
I'll reſt. ſaid he, but thou ſhalt walk,
ſo doth this wand'ring Jew
From place to place but cannot reſt
for ſeeing countries new.
Declaring ſtill the pow'r of him,
whereas he comes or goes,
And of all things done in the eaſt
ſince Chriſt his death he ſhows.
The world he hath compaſt round,
and ſeen thoſe nations ſtrange,
That hearing of the name of Chriſt,
their idol gods do change.
To whom he told the wond'rous things
of times forepaſt and gone,
And to the princes of the world,
declares his cauſe of moan.
Deſiring ſtill to be diſſolv'd.
and yield his mortal breath,
But if the Lord hath thus decreed,
he ſhall not yet ſee death,
For neither looks he old nor young,
but as he did thoſe times
When Chriſt did ſuffer on the croſs
for mortal ſinners crimes.

He hath paſt thro' many foreign place,
Arabia, Egypt, Africa.
Grecia, Syria, and great Thrace
and throughout all Hungaria,
Where Paul and Peter preachêd Chriſt,
thoſe bleſt apoſtles dear.
There he hath told our Saviour's words
in countries far and near.
And lately at Bohemia,
with many a German town,
And now in Flanders as 'tis thought
he wanders up and down,
Where learned men with him confer
of thoſe his lingering days,
And wonder much to hear him tell
his journeys and his ways.
If people give this Jew an alms.
the moſt that he will take
Is not above a groat a time;
which he, for Jeſus ſake,
Will kindly give unto the poor,
and thereof make no ſpare;
Affirming ſtill that Jeſus Chriſt
of him hath daily care.
He ne'er was ſeen to laugh nor ſmile,
but weep and make great moan,
Lamenting ſtill his miſeries,
and days forepaſt and gone.
If he hear any one blaſpheme,
or take God's name in vain,
He tells that they crucify
their Saviour Chriſt again.
If you had ſeen his death ſaid he,
as theſe mine eyes have done
Ten thouſand thouſand times would ye
his torments think upon.
And ſuffer for his ſake all pain,
all torments and all woes;
Theſe are his words and eke his life,
whereas he comes and goes.

F I N I S.

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